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NITURE, &C., &C. ear the Rock Island Depot, Joliet, Hiimois. Order om abroadrespectfully solicited do the work myself." 'As you please, my dear.' JACOB GEIGER.

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(n2-ly)

Mrs. Butler, rather pettishly.

'I only mean to say that you

PAINTING AND PAPERING. HE citizens of Juliet and vicinity are respectively work hard,'
Informed, that we the subscribers continue the 'Yes, it is e Joliet, Sept. 20, 1889 pl4tf gon want a nice fitting Cost, go to Williams'.

JOLIET, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 25, 1863.

VOL. 21 NO. 11.

STORING WELLOOK

WAITING FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

BY C. & C. ZARLEY.

By the blue Potomac waters. By the Rannahannock's line. By the sunmy Southern rivers, 'Neath the holly and the pine; Failing in the shock of battle, Wounded, in their blood they lie-Pining with the dark malaria-Se our youthful patriots die.

In the city, in the village, In the hamlet far away, Sit the mothers, watching, waiting, For their soldier boys to-day. They are coming-daily coming, One by one, and score by score,

In their Laden casings folded. Underneath the flag they bore, Thinks the mother weeping, waiting, And expectant all the day-

When his regiment was summoned, How her soldier went away; With his buyonet a-gleaning, With his knapsack on his back,

With his blanket strapped and folded-And his home filled haversack. Thinking of the courage swelling

In his eye and his heart, Though a manly tear was rolling When he kissed her to depart; Thinking of his precious letters, Written by the camp-fire's glow

Rich in love of home and country, And of her who bade him go. Counting now the lagging moments For the knocking at the door,

For the shuffling and the tramping Feet of strangers on the floor; Bringing in their precious burden, Leaving her to grief and tears; To the sorrow and the mourning, Darkening all the coming years.

A WORLD OF TROUBLE: OR, WHY THOMAS GOT DRUNK.

BY OLIVER OPTIC. exclaimed Mrs. Butler, a pale, careworn was long. young wife, as her husband entered the room in which she had prepared the even-

Why, what is the matter now?' returnto imply that there always was something 'Nothing, only I wanted you to bring in pail of water, for I am so tired, that I

declare I can hardly keep upon my feet."

'Is that all? I did not know but what the baby had a fit, or got scalded, or something of that sort.' 'Nothing of that kind; I have trouble die every night when I get my work done,' and Mrs, Butler sighed as she placed the

'You must have a girl, Mary; you know I don't want you to work so hard. I have often told you so before,' said Mr. Butler. 'A girl, indeed! Can you afford to keep a girl, Thomas?' 'Certainly I can. I am carning twelve dollars a week now, and I am sure our expenses are not above eight. A dollar and

a half a week added to this sum would still leave me a handsome surplus." 'Just like you, Thomas; that is one your calculations. 'Certainly, that is one of my calculaone,' replied Mr. Butler, a little tartly.

'I suppose you wouldn't recken anything for the girl's board,' sneered the wife.

'A mere trifle.' 'Everything is a mere trifle with you.' Thomas stuffed half a hot biscuit into his mouth to help him keep his temper. 'And then she would waste double her

wages,' continued the lady. 'Pshaw! that is an old woman's bugbear ' replied Butler, impatiently. 'Yes; that's just the way you always

'It is correct talk, though.' 'Girls don't waste, I suppose ?' 'I presume they do, many of them; but ou abominably exaggerate the amount.

'No, I don't; I say they waste double their wages." 'No such thing.' 'Ask any one who has kept help.'

fren. She will also attend professional calls generally 'What articles do they waste to such an enormous extent?" 'Everything-provisions, groceries; and they burn up twice as much fuel as there is any kind of need of."

'Twice as much?' 'Yes, twice as much.' Let me see,' and Thomas pulled out a bit of paper and a pencil, and went to fig-

uring with ell his might. 'We use three tons of coal in six months. Twice as much would be six tone, which would come to forty-two dollars, or twenty one dollars waste. That is eighty cents a we k'

'Clear waste!' exclaimed Mrs. Butler, with palpable horror depicted on her coun-

'Now, allow that she wastes one-half the provisions and one-bulf the groceries, which s absurd, and she would just double my pills. They were fifty-two dollars for the last six months, which makes a waste of two dollars per week. Why, Mary, we have only made the waste to be two dollars and eight cents, even with these figures. Double her wages would be three

dollars. 'She would waste enough, as you would find out to your sorrow if you kept one,' added Mrs. Butler, not pleased with the state of her side of the argument. 'You don't believe she could waste half

the fuel and stores?' Mrs Butler did not believe it, but she did not like to say so. 'Probably, my dear, under your excel

lent supervision, she could not possibly wast more than fifty cents a week. 'Well, that is twenty-six dollars a year.' But I can afford to lose that, rather than that you should make a slave of yourself.' 'I don't want a girl; it would be more work to look after her than it would be to

'I don't want your friends to think you have got an extravagant wife." 'Fudge on my friends !'

'Yes, it is easy enough for you to say 'And for you, too, if you choose.' 'I don't want to spend all we get.' with you, I had much rather do

'Don't I work bard?' 'I don't know but you do.' Just think what I have to do.

Well, I have to work hard, too, but I am sure it does not make one feel any better to be continually grumbling about 'Who's grumbling? Can't a body speak

without being accused of grumbling?' said 'I only mean to say that you work twice as hard with your imagination as you do with your hands; your thoughts make the thing there from which the heart of wo-

'Yes, it is easy for you to say so,' said anothing business in all its branches.

SHOP ON JOLIET ST. (epposite the Joliet House) the wife, wiping away the tears from her his breakfast in silence—the silence which borness the wife, wiping away the tears from her his breakfast in silence—the silence which shame seemed to impose upon him. He When have I come into the house, Ma- was about to leave the house for his workry, for the last six months, and you have shop, when Mary spoke.

not told me a heap of troubles as big as a mountain? I can't stand it! 'I never thought you could be so harsh to me. You did not use to speak to me in that way, sobbed Mary, feeling that she

was the most cruelly-used wife in the world. 'You irritate me with your troubles.' 'I can't help my troubles; I do the best I can to keep the house in order, and take

good care of the baby.' 'I never found any fault with your maragement. I am abundantly pleased with all you do, save and except your croaking and grumbling.

'What can I do?" 'Go about your work cheerfully, and with a disposition to make the best of everything. By a cheerful and contented disposition, you will make even the bardest day of toil a day of satisfaction. You look darkly upon your lot, and that makes it black.'

'I can't belo my feelings.' Yes, you can, Mary. At any rate, you ought not to embitted my existence with your incessant complainings.' 'I have tried to make you happy.' 'If you have, you have signally failed:

for it has come to that. I almost hate to come into the house, so much do I dread to hear your tale of woe.' 'I will try to do better.' 'Do, Mary; home will become a curse to me, justend of the brightest spot upon

earth, as it ought to be, if you do not." The baby cried at this point of the conversation, and Mrs Butler wiped away ber tears, and took the little cherub from the cradle where he had been sleeping, all unconsious of the matrimonial squall which had been blowing around him.

CHAPTER II. more than a year she and her devoted bus- her, and took her hand. band had not known the meaning of matrimonial strife. It was a new state of existence to her, and while the novelty of the 'I am so glad you have come, Thomas?' thing lasted she was as happy as the day

But in the course of events she was deprived of the pleasure of going abroad presence of that sleeping, innocent child much, and the pretty home in which she removes not the curse which seems to hang "Why, what is the matter now?" returns had spent a year of joy began to rust on over it."

ed the husband, laying a wicked emphasis her imagination. Not that her husband "Why." upon the word 'now,' as though he meant | was less devoted, though he might not have been quite so dreamy and sentimental as often reasoned with you?" he was in the days of their courtship, yet be was all that a reasonable wife could ex- face between her hands, as the conclouspathized deeply with her, in all those mat ters wherein a young wife needs tender-

ness and care. Little Bobby was born; but the little stranger made such a heap of work for the | so befare.' enough to get along; without sickness in | fond mother, that she declared she would | the family. I feel just as though I should die under the infliction. She would not listen to ber husband's suggestion to keep She had a kind of composition, which-led her to endure rath-JACOB A. WHITEMAN, Attorney and Counselor at Self into a chair, apparently so exhausted that she could not have stood another mosay she was not as 'smart' as she wished to be considered, or that Thomas' relations would deem her extravagent and lazy. She continued to do her work, though each day was a day of misery. Before she

> ed washing day from about Friday morns ing; and over the wash-tub she was as asis- in short, making home happy. erable as sospsuds and a rubbing-board could possibly make her. The reader may imagine she was lazy; but I do not think so. She lived in a world of trouble;' she looked upon the were many bardships she was called upon to endure-as who is not? She was obliged to keep occupied most of the time in the

baby. Her position was undoubtedly one | duty before her. of trial and vexation, as those who are experienced in these matters will readily un-But the principal difficulty was to be tion. She was not cheerful and contented with her lot. Her morbid imagination magnified the little trials of everyday life nto monstrous woes, and she suffered intelerably in her mind, which was commu-

duties of the household and the care of the

nicated to the body. She was the most would be true to the words he had spoken. miserable of women-the most unreasonably miserable. Of course her husband, who was of ered miserable, also. Mrs. Butler seemed so wedded to her woe, that every effort on his part to alleviate it was promptly re pulsed. He had grown disgusted. His wife was always complaining. He never volve her in hopeless ruin. came into the house without being assailed |

stars-blamed himself for ever becoming a avoid the word while the disposition exis-But then, poor fellow, what could be finds. She had never been placed in a position to try her character. He might have heard her fret over that sort; but he never dreamed that a tempest could ever moved from her heart. She was cheerful blow out of such a little cloud. It was only when she felt the could touch of life's re-

alities, that she showed out exactly what she was. It was too late now; the mischief had her. been done. She was his wife; she was the mother of little Bobby. He loved her still, though his affections had been terribly shocked by her thoughtless grumbling. Mary had promised to do better; but, her happy. alas for the vanity of human promises, they

streets, a gossip-anything but a grumbler, nothing about it. he felt that he could have endured it, loved her, and continued to be happy. But it was an ever-present leaf of woe her countenance presented to him, and when home had ceased to be a pleasant place, he gradually absented himself, and the still loving but incorrigible wife smelt the rum in his breath, when he returned

from his evening amusements. One night, about two months after the coversation we have narrated, as the clock was striking the midnight hour, he was brought home, helplessly drunk, in the arms of two watchmen, who had picked

bim up in the at eet. What a sight for a young and loving

wife. Want, shame, the poor-house, the court and the prison rose before her with terrible vividness. A train of woes-real woes -so long that she could not see the end of it, marched in solemn process before ber. There was her child in rags, her husband, a homeless, idle, degraced sot. There was the gaunt form of hunger, the glaring eyes of the demons of crime-there was everyman would instructively shrink

Thomas rose the next morning, and ent

Catching the Dragon.

'Thomas,' said she, in the subdued tones fanguish, while a flood of tears rained He looked at her as though he had already divined what she meant to say. I was last night when you were-when any note in the town; and a little lower 'Well, what's the matter new ?' answer- about the mysterious robberies which were Mary was amazed that no appearance of contrition mitigated his flagrant error.

'You don't come home in the evening 'But you will come to night, Thomas ?' 'Perhaps I will.' 'Nay, you will?'

down her wan cheek.

you came home.'

ed Thomas, sullenly.

Well, what of it?'

'Oh, Thomas, last night!'

'Come for my sake, Thomas.' 'Your sake! Well, that is a good one. replied Le, coarsely. 'Last night you were-were-' she could say no more.

Yes, I was.' 'You were-'Drunk ! Out with it.' 'Oh, Thomas !' Well? 'What misery is in store for us!' 'Can't help it.

'Nay, Thomas, promise that you will

'Get drunk,' laughed Thomas. 'Do not again.' 'Can't promise.' 'Oh, God ! has it came to this?'

Mary threw herself into a chair, and wept as though her heart would break .-The sight seemed to move the buspand, a brother to 'em. When Mrs. Butler was married she was | who was not yet lost in transgression. A bright, cheerful and happy maiden. For tear stole into his eye, and he bent over 'Mary, I have sinned.'

'You will not again?' said she, eagerly. part? 'My part ! 'My home is hateful to me. Even the

'Why, Thomas, what do you mean?' You know what I mean. Have I not 'Ob, God !' exclaimed Mary, burying ber

pect. He was indulgent, kind, and sym- | ness that the misery which meraced her was of her own seeking. 'I never will complain of anything again as long as I live,' she continued. 'Ah, Mary, I bave often heard you say

'Trust me this time, Thomas.' 'I will, Mary.' 'Come home to-night; you shall find me I that you could wish as well as my own, and for the sake of our light but the fire, which winked out an oc. ties, and you will have taken the first step an expenditure. She feared folks would own dear boy, that you may be true to casional gleam upon the figure of the land your resolution.'

got breakfast, dinner or ten, she sat and fatal cap. You shall be the guardien of part of her dress, and the dim flicker from moped over it, thinking what a terrible this, my solemn pledge; for in no way can the fire showed little but that cloak and ab it was for her to perform. She dread- you more effectually secure the keeping of | bonnet, and the small white form of the my promise than by observing your own baby Then he went in quietly and got

> Again the husband kissed her, and then went to his work.

CHAPTER III. A drunkards' wife! This were a real dark side of everything. Of course there | woe ! What were all her little vexations compared with it? Mary's resolution was a firm one, and in her earnestness to observe it, she knelt and prayed for strength from above to enable her to be equal to the

Last night a terrible fate had menaced ber. The lot of a drunkard's wife-the most appalling woe that can overtake a woman-bad threatened to be ber portion. found in Mrs. Butler's unhappy disposis The sembre cloud had risen, and her desti-By was in her own bands.

She knew her husband well enough to be satisfied that his pledge would be held sucred-that, till she drove him from his home by her unamiable peculiarity, he Grumbling is only a habit. It may even have a root in the natural temperament of the individual, but it is not an incurable directly opposite temperament, was rend- disease. Mary felt that happiness here and hereafter depended upon her fidelity to the oremise she had made—that a single complaning word would be like a match placed near the mugazine-and another would in-

But she had sense enough to know, and by a relation of her woes. He cursed his she strove to feel, that it were useless to ted. It were useless to whitewash a sepulchre-it is still 'full of dead men's bones.' do? Mary was as gentle and pleasant a She determined to perform a radical cure. maiden before her marriage as one often She resolved to be contented, and then the

basty word would not be spoken. She went about her daily duties the feeling that a mountain had been re--hoppy-happy to feel that it was in her power to avert the terrible catastrophe which had menaced her-that she could

avoid the yawning abyes that was before All her taials and vexations dwindled into trifles compared with the fate which last night had been so vividly presented to her imagination, and the comparison made

Panetually to his accustomed hour. were words written in sand The habit had Thomas came home. He had not drank become deeprooted. Thomas was in des- anything, and he appeared cheerful and pair. He had tried by threats and by happy. She met him with a smiling face, persuasions to make her reasonable, but all and never mentioned a word of the difficulin vain. His house was a hell to him. If ties that had beset her. She had even been she had scolded at him, been negligent of so far as to draw a pail of water herself, her household duties, a gadder in the and bring up a bod of coal, but she said

They were happy again, but perhas it was as much the effect of the contrast as the actual change in the circumstances .-Thoms fondled little Bobby on his knees, and undressed and put him to bed himself. Mary was delighted, and from her soul she prayed that her own weakness might not dissolve the blissful picture of domestic happiness their home at that moment pos-

sessed. A year passed by. Thomas was true to his vow, and Mary to hers. Whenever things went wrong with her, and the old spirit rose in her heart, her husband had only to say :

You absolve me from my oath, Mary? But she really improved her disposition.

The habit was radically cured. The home of Thomas Butler is no more a 'world of quietly said;

bouse, but a wife can make supshine.

It was market day in a small out-of-theway town on the borders of Wales. As usual, a few farmers from the country had 'Thomas, you can't think how unhappy | been dining at the Lion, the single inn of down in the street, two men were talking beries, and there was a story among the credulous people proving Hagley Heath to be haunted by a dragon, which waylaid unlucky travelers and carried off Lincoln should die, the government would making an attempt to put it on sideways. their money, having first rendered them | be dead. (Great applause.) Shall not criti-

> example 'It's all nonsense about the dragoon" said the one; 'but there is something queer shout the thing. Old Smith of Hagely farm swears that when he lost that twenty acts of the President. We will pay no repounds a thing like a bear's paw came over | gard to theats. We will do it peaceble, if his shoulder.'

Smith had been looking into the pewter .but I wouldn't be so certain about a *Eh ?'

Why, the farmers all trust him as if he was 'The thing is to take him with the money on his person; and he is so keen!-Who's in at the lion now I wonder.' beats everything; it isn't half an hour American continent, and in after years,

The two men separated; and in due course of time Tipstaff was informed that

close to her. free.

would not speak. Tipstaff bent down and whispered something in her car that sounded like: 'What did you do with old Smith's twenty pounds? Then, before she could utter the terrified

the back end of the house. 'Now will you swear to be quiet and make no noise, or must I use these pretty little things? You will? The better for you. I want the loan of your cloak, bonnet and baby. Tush, don't be foolish: I wouldn't hurt the poor little morsal for the world, and I'll bring it back in half an hour. Give it bere.'

ed to the panic stricken woman and went out, locking the door after him. In a short time after that hasty footsteps were heard outside the house, and the landlord came in, throwing a quick look around him, which started from and came back to

given him a barsh tap examining his muddy slothes, received a hardish tap himself, and to his utter amazement, became aware that his wife had put down the baby and collored himself, saying in a man's voice, and one which he

knew well: frozen together, 'In the king's name.' The landlord cast one look at the door, but it would not do. He had nothing for it but to submit. The dragon was caught

at last, and it wasn't a dragon, but a lion. 'THERE'S WORSE IN TOWN.'-A famous Texan Ranger, who is now enjoying his otium cum dignitate across the Bay, is the as the gods, talking from peak to peak all bero of a practical joke, which is told with | round Olympus. considerable gusto by his friends. It seems that he was riding past the house of Colonel D-, a few days since, and was hailed by the latter personage, who invited him in to test a fine quality of whiskey.— The Ranger admitted his weakness, tied

'Martha,' said Colonel Dme that bottle of good whiskey.' blers on the table, left the two old codgers to hob-nob alone. 'Now, Colonel,' said Colonel D-

to his visitor, I wish you to taste of that whiskey, and tell me what you think The Texan poured some five fingers of the liquid into his tumbler and hid it under his vest with evident satisfaction.

in town !' had bolted a large glass of bay rum instead of whiskey.

trouble; it is 'home, sweet home'-the about it; but then I have had such little exdwelling place of truth and love, and the perience in first class liquors, that I was most effectual preventive of the curse of afreid to show my ignorance by saying estly and pointing to the bottle, gravely, anything about it.' land .- S. F. Call.

says, he doesn't wonder that married men | married. over thirty-five years of age are placed in The gas man can make gas-light in your new concription law. They have suffered 'Madame' taid be, 'you ma enough for their country already.

Eloquent and True. Hon. George E. Pugh, the Democratic eandidate for Lieutenant Governor of Ohio, speech in Miama county in that State, he

They say the Administration is the govtainly is new

Then if Mr. Lincoln should get sick, we

I tell you it's neither a dragon or a bear, them no right to take our liberties from

You know your rights. I am pursuaded you intend apholding them. Do it man. whose hat this is?" fully, but be not over confident. What are

slaves? Make it your business to take up the exile, in whose person your rights have est office in the State. It would be the exclaimed, 'Then who the (hic), duce am 'Nobody but Bobby Jones. Why, this greatest act of justice ever done on the I?" But, Mary, is there no fault on your since I heard the lion, as you call him, ad- remember 1863, that you were the people who took up the prostrate form of Clement L. Vallandigham and made him your Gov-'Very likely,' replied Tipstaff. 'I wish | ernor, and thank God that he has permitof the question.

> the people are in this contest for liberty. and dreamed that she died, and approached You know those shoddy contractors, buildhad just ridden off, the bost of the lion ing fine houses and laying up goods for him if her name was written in the book when all at once they are arrested it their viously. Tipstaff started off briskly in the My eyes have been fixed on the broken upon returning, that he could not find direction of the haunted heath, but his and outraged dwelling in Daytoo, of the it. pace gradually slackened, and at last he more than widow, and the desolate orphan

Bless you, Mary. I trust for your sake empty of guests. Within, there was no path to the ballot-box. Regain your liber- Do look again. to the restoration of the Union. (Tremen-

Wit and Wisdom.

Self-love is not so vile as self-neglect. Reflection should precede writing and follow reading. If thou art a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant sometimes deaf.

Young men are often gay deceivers ; old ones are sometimes gray deceivers. Whenever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh.

but ildeness conquers more people than la-Society is a masked ball, where every it by hiding.

Wars are not unmitigated evils; civilization gets forward sometimes upon a powder cart. The world always received talent with open arms, but often doesn't know what to

may mournfully add that of listening to freshed with water from the jaw-bone of a Misory is the crucible into which destiny casts a man whenever she desires a scoundrel or a demi.god.

Fortune loves not a poltroon, and often favors brave men in the wrong more than cowards in the right. Why are horses in cold weather like meddlesome gossips? Because they are

As it is man's destiny to be ruled by woman, he should. for his own sake, render her as fit for the task as possible. A clergyman was once asked whether the members of his church were united. He replied that they were perfectly united-

"I would have you know that I am a man of quality," said a marquis to a financier. "And I," replied the financier, "am ; mun of quantity." Truly, great men never become vulgarly intimate with each other. They sit apart

He who spends his whole time in sports, and calls it recreation, might appropriately wear garments all made of fringes and eat dinners of nothing but sauces.

A Frenchman, wishing to say of a young lady that she was as gentle as a lamb, thus expressed bimself: "She be much tame like the petite mou-

Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into guineas, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world. Plack springs from success as naturally as music from catgut. Had Scott lost his

A weak flavor of genius in an essentially

reached the Castle of Perote.

the respectable neutrality of a common place character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wine glass spoil a draught of fair THE WAY TO THE ALMSHOUSE .- A genton Road, London, by an elderly female. - 'a horse was turned into a stable !' and this She had a small bottle of gin in her hand. is the boasted Nineteenth Century and not knowing the way to the almshouse,

where she had buriness, she said: *Please, eir, I beg your pardon, but this the way to the almshouse? but very kindly, said: 'No, my good woman, that is.'

A volative young man, whose conquests will sting itself to death-An old bachelor of our acquaintance in the female world were numberless, got 'Madame' taid be, 'you may depend upon it, this is my last folly.

Big Thing on a Jersey Lawyer. Our most esteemed friend, D. P. McBrien, Esq., of New York, tells a good note on a is making a noble canvass. In a recent | Jersey lawyer. The hero of our sketch during the last hot summer months, used oceasionally to worship at the shrine of low with the result his observations : Gambrinus, (Lager King) on Broadway .-navigate to his office.

should have a sick government. If Mr. that, and with a rather puzzled look was pression, and with tears in their corrowing Of course it wouldn't fit. He looked inside of these persons. holding it up towards the light and read

aloud: Jersey City.' Solilequy-'That's my hat, of course it

Another attempt to put it on sidewaysing, 'Jonas Scooter,' After another trial, and finding it did possible; but, if necessary, with arms in not fit, the gentleman commenced feeling the field, looking at every grave in search our hands. (Continued applause) They all over his head, evidently as if to as- of the lifeless, mutilated and swollen form may take it for granted that we will give sure himself that no protuberance had of the lost. suddenly declared itself. Having satisfied himself on that point, be once more read the address, had another trial, and ference after more than three weeks elapstill sidewise. There he stood perfectly sed.

> 'Can you read writing?' Yes, sir.' ·Well, will you be good enough to tell

Herman took the head-case, and having read, said : 'It belongs to Jonas Scooter, Esq., of Jersey City.' been violated, and elevate him to the high. the most comical air in the world, he ics to be removed, so whatever visitors can

THE QUAKERESS'S DREAM .- There is a beautiful story told of a pious old Quaker lady who was addicted to smoking tobacco. amusing scenes are sometimes enacted. She indulged in this habit until it increas- Quite a number who come in from the somebody would look about and let me ted you to see this great crisis, and given ed so much upon her that she not only country are not aware that those broken smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in her bed for this purpose to the night. After one of these | bayonets, or sometimes they think it would shoddy contractors, etc., but the hearts of nocturnal entertainments she fell asleep, be a capital idea to take along a good Enheaven. Meeting an angel, she asked cooly and exultingly over their fortune,

> 'Ob, she said, do look again, it must be He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face. 'It is not there

'On !' she said, in agony, it must be be found; but the fields and the woods are ere; I have the assurance that it is there! | all covered with fragments of exploded shells. The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence be came

back, with his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed: with tobacco smoke that we could hardly

FLOORED BY AN H -One of the particutarly pleasant stories told by Mr. Gough of his experience in England, is that of his once being "nearly floored by an H," though it was not so much the misplaced Il that hit him as that which accompanied it. He was about to address a large audi ence on his favorite theme of Temper- prayer books, bibles, etc., etc. ance, and the chairman, a rotund Englishman, undertook to introduce him. Happening to recollect the miracle of Sampe they can find of this discription, but were

which he had slain the Philistines, and come, it would be impossible to clear this one hides his real character, and reveals thinking to turn it to some account, he vart battle ground of all its relics. said: "Ladies and gentlemnn, I have the honor to introduce to you the distinguished we found no less than seven of those for lecturer, Mr. John B. Gough. who will ad. whom not even a covering of ear h with dress us on the subject of tem; erance .- given to hide their ghastly looking forms. You know that temperance is thought to be rather a dry subject; but to-night as we rocks, and covered with a few large stones. listen to our friend and horator from hover | and numbers over whom a little ground the hocean, we may 'ope to 'ave the mirwas thrown, their eyeless heads and livid

acle of Sampson repeated, and to be refeet still visible. At one of our hotels, a stout, red-faced gentleman, in a white beaver, blue coat, and buff vest, offered to wager that he would close his eyes, and simply by taste

process of winning or losing commenced and must say that I have never seen any. forthwith. 'That's genuine brandy,' said the fat gentleman, tasting from a wine-glass; 'and this-this is whiskey,' and so on. At length a wag poured out a glass of

Evidently Rev. Peter Cartwright's eyesight is not yet so dim. but he can see as far into a "will stone" as many other

ounger people. In a recent speech, to the Abolitiomsts, he declared: 'I am a Democrat, dyed in the wool, and I suppose you Republicans are dyed in the

An auctioneer, while engaged in his vonow been turned into one wast sepulchre cation, thus exalted the merits of a carfor the dead; woods with their primeval 'Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels, but I can most positively assure you

Brussels himself.'

first battle, his whole army would have 'Humphrey Marshall would have to been knocked into a cocked hat before it march slow. He looks as if it would be a heavy task to fetch up his rear. A Lady passing along the street one morning last, noticed a little boy scattering seasy, no matter who may be Premier, or salt upon the sidewalk, for the purpose of

the lady, 'this is real benevolence,' it ain't,' replied the boy, 'tt's salt.' CURIOUS METAMORPHOSIS .- Wonders will tleman was once accosted on the Kensing- never cease ! the other day we heard that

> Boy, what is your name?" 'Robert, sir.' 'Yes, that is your Christian name; but what is your other name?' Bob sir.

'Now, my dear,' said his sponse 'I hope at your sentiments; they almost make me

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Horrors of the Battlefield. A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, who has been on a visit to the late battle-ground at Gettysburg, presents us be-

The battle field is still visited by thous-One sweltering day he got pretty mellow, sands. Men gather here from all parts of having moistened his thorax too much with the Union; some merely to gratify their the German beverage, and proceeded to curiosity, some with bouyant spirits and a tearful countenance, while many, alas! He took up a substantial looking white hundreds, are seen with a careworn exeyes. How different must be the feelings

The former having heard the peans of victory, all jubilant, resolve to view the 'Jonas Scooter, Esq., Attorney at law, ground where the palm was awarded, and where the invaders were sent back to their homes; the latter learning that some loved one, a kind father, a dear brother or an affectionate son, was there stricken down no use; again taking it off, and again read- by the ruthless hand of war, basten to the place, as if by instinct; some to soothe the pains of wounded, others are rosming over

> The past few days were again occupied n walking over the field to mark the dif-

We took our start from Cemetery Hill, lives, give us an unobstructed . path to the and he called the waiter whom he apostro- and passed over our lines on the first day. Shells, solid shot and bullets are still lying around, one would think as thick as ever, although a great many persons have ever since the battle made it their business to hust bullets and sell them by the pound. Many thousand pounds have been gathered and sold in this way.

Nearly every stranger returns from the field with his pockets heavy with lead .-Does it?' and looking all around with Government has forbidden any of the relconceal about their person, they are most likely to take with them. All who come from a distance naturally desire to return home with some trophy of war. On account of this propensity, some very implements are "contraband of war," so in their innocence they pick up a handful of

Geld rifle; they shoulder arms, walk off

of life. He disappeared, but replied, triumphant march and deprived of their plunder. A close observer must notice an important fact in respect to the number of shells found on both sides of the field. The ground occupied by our forces is literally strewn with unexploded rebel shells, while slong the Confederate fortifications very few can

It is said not one-sixth of the shells thrown by the rebels exploded; bence the greater destruction of life by artillery from the same number of guns. One would think from the number of bullet holes in the We have found it, but it was so clouded trees all through the woods, that it was almost impossible for a single man to escare unburt.

> diameter, over seventy bullet holes, thirty four of which were within six feet from the ground. The field still contains many scenes of interest; the ground is yet covered with knapsacks, broken guns, cartridge boxes, broken cannon, wagons, rebel hats, boots, shoes, stockings, packs of playing cards, Government wagons have ever since the

we counted in a single tree, but a foot am

son getting water from the jaw-hope with they to continue their labers for months to We found still a number of rebels unburied. On a farm occuped by Mr. Rose, Others were found thrown between two

> Scores of dead horses are still scattered over the field, yet no effort is made to bury them, and no chl ratus, no disinfecting agents of any kind are used. The people of Gettyslurg, and all who visit there, must necessarily be exposed to the poisonous gases resulting from the decomposition of animal matter. I have visited a great many hospitals,

where the wounded bette- treated in every respect than they are in and about Gettyeburg. They appear cheerful and well satis-The ladies of the town and vicinity de serve great credit for their kind assistance, not only in sending a great many necessaof he wounded. Wagon loads of good bread, cakes, wines, pillows, pads, shirts and whatever may be desirable to the wounded are every day sent to the hospital from the surrounding neighborhood. From York Sulphur Springs, a small town in Adams county, they send several loads of provisions every d y, and many of the young ladies of the place have exchanged their homes of ease and luxury for the

grandeur have been checked in their beautiful growth, and their tall oaks bare now become monuments to mark the resting place of those who have been crushed bee neath the deadly wheels of war. ADVICE-If your coat is comfortable, wear it two or three months longer, no matter if the gloss is off. If you have no wife get one; if you have, God bless her, stay at home with her instead of spending your evenings in expensive, flat fooleries, Be honest, f-ugal, plain; seek content at home; be industrious and persevering; and our word for it, if your circumstances are

now embarrassed they will soon become what may be the price of stocks. When you hear a young Abolition Leags uer boasting that he is down upon making peace with rebels "until every vestige of the cursed institution of slavery is rooted out from the land," set it down that he is also opposed to shouldering a musket on sny terms, and that either he or his daddy three hundred ernment in lieu of his services.

'A little more animation,' whispered Lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking a quadrille. Do leave me to manage my own busi-

'Of course not, my love; I was not aware who your partner was." Do not trust too much to good temper

when you get into on argument. The Indian produces fire by rubbing the dryest sticks.

common person is detestable. It spoils 'Well, Colonel, said the host, what do And she became gentle and cheerful in wife to behold the father of her child drunk! you think of it?' an instant. These words were a charm. They placed him in bed, and she spent a 'Oh, it will do,' he replied, 'there's worse 'Nor I, my dear; but, to be very plain That solemn promise broken, and again sleepless night in weeping over his sensethe poor house, the penitentiary the bloated less, embruted form. Oh, the agony of that About this time Martha returned, and hear you everlastingly complain of how bitter time! Her busband a drunkard! father, the ragged child, the long procession on removing the bottle, discovered that she hard you have to work.' she a drunkard's wife! Earth has its mis- of woes rose in her mind, and she was true had made a mistake, and that the visitor eries, but none like those of the inebriate's to herself.

> Our story is not all a story—it is true to
> the letter. We beg the complaining wife article in the fashionable saloons of Oakto ask herself if she is not making for her husband a path to the drunkard's gravefor herself and her children a bed of

said : taking place in the neighborhood, So fre- ernment. Solomon says there is nothing quent and unaccountable were these rob- new under the sun, but that doctrine cer-

Plan Bartheut Disseveryous

Bosh !' responded Tipstaff gravely-'old

Tipstaff looked up the street significantly and nodded. 'Who else would know how to hit upon the farmer that goes away with the heavi- | sels of the Democracy, or else make your est pockets? Tell me that." I say it's the | wills first. lion himself, and if he wasn't as cunning as an old fox, I should have caught him long before now.

vising old Bobby the safest place in which to put his brown holland purse.'

knows me. 'All right. I'll do it.' Bobby Jones, as he was familiarly called having been missing a good half hour pre- many years. But I do not envy them. came to a standstill and began to think .- | whose father has been infamously carried | there." Having made up his mind he shock his fist | away. I appeal to you, ladies to vindicate at the dark heath, and left it behind him, the sacredness of the fire-side. going straight back toward the town. It | Go to the ballot-box. Be a committee; was dark by the time he got the foor of expostulate day and night; bring your the Lion, and saw that the kitchen was neighbors to the right faith. Clear the lord's wife, who was sitting on the settle in | duous applause.) 'I will, Thomas,' replied she, with a her bonnet and cloak nursing a baby .gathering smile, as her husband kissed Tipstaff looked at her, and an odd idea come into his head as be saw the bonnet 'And I promise never again to taste the and cloak. A small table hid the lower

> 'In the king's name' he said : 'sneak and you go to jail; be silent, and do as I bid you, and you may yet get oft scot-The woman looked up and relinquished ber first impulse of resistance; but she

denial that was on her tongue, he had led her across the kitchen into a small room at

Tipstaff then looked at the window, which was small, and would not open. He nodd

the figure of his wife nursing the baby on 'Here,' he said chucking a purse into her lap; 'put it away now, and look sharp. for old Bobby showed fight and I doubt I've | the bearers of idle tails. The next moment the landlord, who was

bis animal and entered his friend's daughter, when the Texan entered, 'bring Martha returned to the room in a few minutes, and placing the bottle and tum-

The Texan thought over the matter, and

insensible by a scratch of his claw. The cise the President, they say? Why, every two men who were talking over the mys- one criticises and is critised. Even the latery were in plain clothes, but the one cal- | dies each other, and each other's bonnets; led the other Tipstoff ; so we will follow his | and what has Mr. Lincoln done to exempt him from the common lot of man? What

> Give us an unobstructed path to the ballot box, and we will end your party and power, but I warn you on the peril of your | mystified; but an idea lighted up his face. ballot-box. Do not interfere with the coun- phized thus:

'You won't get anybody to believe that, golden fields or full barns to a nation of

know when Mr. Jones starts. The lion you the courage to fight for the right side Men may out talk you at the corners,

The woman, upon waking, immediately On World's hill, on our right, where the threw her pipe away, and never indulged rebels made so many unsuccessful charges, Many a man strong enough to subdue monsters prefere to beceme one.

Bacon says that labor conquers all things,

do with genius. To the usual catalogue of lost arts, we

> name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the amusing

water, which he handed to the conceited connoisseur. *This is-ah-ah, this is,' said he, test-'This is-ab-ab, this is,' said he, tast-ing it again, 'by thunder! gentlemen, I ing all they can to alleviate the suffering lose the bet! I never tasted that liquor before !'

watchful days and sleepless nights of the bospital. wool, at any rate you are bound to die in It is a heartrending eight to look upon this great burying ground. Fields waving the wool! with luxuriant grain a few weeks ago, but

that this elegant article was made by Mr. Prentice finds in Homphrey Marshall's obesity a never-failing but for jocose allu-,We should think,' says the inveterate

clearing off the ice. 'Well, I'm sure,' said

Eavy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the nymph, 'I shall not dance my ringlets out scorpion confined within a circle of fire,

start. 'Well, sir, I have been wanting you to start for the last half hour?